

## Spring in Central Park

Lambs, Pests, Babies and Other Privileged Mortals Enjoy Themselves in the Open Air

March, if it came in like a lion, went out leaving a lot of lambs. The lambs are at the sheepfold, near the Seventy-second street entrance of Central Park. Convey, the shepherd, he of the collie dog and the

new families on the common. The sheep seemed to be glad, too.

You will find lots of artists sketching outside the gates of the sheepfold. One of the young women became shrillingly enthusiastic the other day at the sight of a dozen small lambs, looking salt from a wooden box labelled "green castle soap."

"Does it make the wool whiter to give them soap?" she inquired of the gentle shepherd, and he allowed that it did, with a faraway expression.

Most of the lambs keep close to their food supply. They follow the new dietetic rule not to eat too much at a time but to eat frequently.

Central Park responds readily to the first smile of the vernal sun. It seems to take hardly a day to put on its early spring garment, to change from dull browns and

critics never take cognizance when they accuse America of lacking men whose profession is leisure. These bench loungers are really happy in these spring days.

On the donkey path more happy people are found—children. For 10 cents they

and, buttoning his coat one button out of place, like a tragedian of the old school, strides on to a more secluded place.

"Them poets," says the genial policeman, "just seem to come out of the ground this time of year. I seen four of them yester-

day. I asked the most prosperous looking one what he was writing, and he said a Christmas story. He said that all the best paid ones wrote the spring poems during the winter season and the Christmas poems from now on till August, so as to

Again and again he came, asked, was denied, and bowed himself out with many thanks.

"Last year I was sent for by the board. A proposition had come before it from a philanthropic Japanese gentleman who wanted to show his gratitude to the United States by presenting a typical temple garden to the city to be placed in Central Park. Careful inquiry stripped the proposal of its disguise, and it was the same bid for a concession and the same Jap. This year it has not come up in regular form, but it will.

"The persistence of the race is something marvellous, something incalculable. Twenty years from now, when I am laid away in the ground, the same proposition

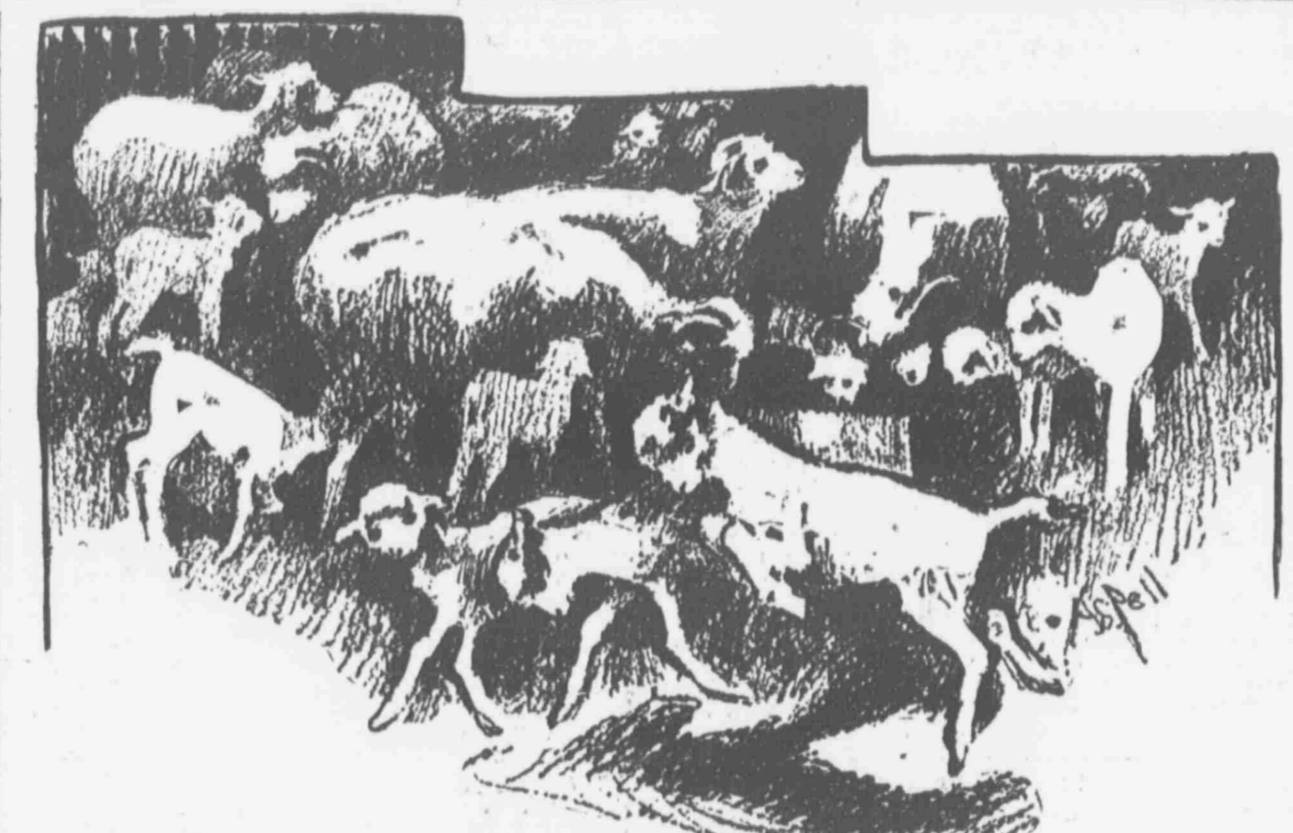
the lungs of the city. That is what they are, and they must be kept in a healthy condition, or the entire city suffers.

"The question of the grass was touched upon. There has been so much said about it," sighed the landscape architect, "and last year a few words I said on the subject, misunderstood or misquoted, set the press of the country groaning over the fact that Central Park was doomed to a speedy grass extinction.

"What I did say was that the tender grass grown there is not adapted to the wear and tear of thousands of busy feet. We need a harder, closer variety or a turf calculated to stand such a test."

Mr. Parsons denied emphatically the rumor that the animals in the menagerie were to be removed to The Bronx and that a botanical garden was to take their place.

"That proposition has also been turned down again and again, and will continue



SPRING LAMB IS HIGH.

can get all the frenzied pleasure that the cup of happiness can hold.

Tammany is the favorite donkey, but the one pony is even more popular. The seeker for psychologic thrills tried to find a suitable reason, and finally, in despair, asked the donkey man. He solved the problem quickly.

"The reason why the kids like the pony best? They certainly do; that's true. But if there were six ponies and only one donkey they'd be all screaming for the donkey. It's easy enough when you know kids, m'am."

Pruning, grafting, planting, are on every side. Here a pot of green paint and an overturned bench in process of renovation, there some branches of a tree, the floats for the lake are having putty placed in the cracks and the swans are having their necks touched up, and a spring poet, whose hair drips on his shabby coat, is writing the first line of his annual poem.

He has reached the "fragrant lilies," when the noise of babies arouses him; babies in pink lined baby carts, babies in black carts with umbrellas tops, babies in fleece lined robes, with big black eyes and two teeth apiece, the spring supply, are surrounding him as if at a preconcerted signal. He brushes the tangle of thought from his brow, his hair from his shoulder



THE MILLINERS ARE TICKLED WITH THE EAGLE'S FEATHER.

### Pay and Chances of the Telephone Girl

The manager of a telephone central exchange was asked what prospect of advancement a girl had when she entered the service of the company.

"A girl's progress depends altogether on herself, on her ability," he replied. "Inefficiency, even if backed by the President of the United States, has no show here."

"To begin with, in selecting applicants for the telephone exchanges we make the requirements more and more difficult. Girls who passed muster when the concern was in its infancy wouldn't stand the least chance to-day."

"In brief, we now demand a grammar school education, first class sight and hearing, a good voice and enunciation. A bad or slovenly accent must be corrected before a girl can get employment in one of our exchanges."

"If the head of the training school sees possibilities in an applicant she is taken on trial for a week, at the end of which she is either discharged or told that she is regularly entered for the full course of training. Eighteen is the age limit now, for after that age it is found that a young woman does not learn so readily, and a factor which also counts high in an applicant's favor is a refined manner and neat appearance."

"Now about her progression. When she leaves the training school she begins at \$5 a week, and is placed naturally at one of the least busy telephones and between two girls who are much more experienced, and will be supervised at her back."

"Sometimes at first she will only take a wire at an hour when traffic is light, and the girl who is usually in that place will stand at her back and see that she doesn't get rattled. The girls who get on fastest are those who are least nervous and not easily confused."

"From the time she makes her debut in an exchange an operator's progress toward the maximum price paid to operators—\$15 a week—depends entirely on herself. Some get there in less than two years; others take longer."

"After she gets there? Well, she may be promoted to a position of greater responsibility, or she may be discharged. The girl who is practically an understudy for the post of supervisor, able to take the latter's place if she is absent, and that she is paid \$11 a week. In every telephone exchange there is one supervisor to every nine girls—that is, one woman who stands or walks just back of the operators, ever at hand to give aid or straighten out a complication."

"A supervisor is paid \$14 a week. At the head of the supervisors is a chief operator, who draws from \$18 to \$22 a week according to the length of her service. The supervisors are really her lieutenants, and she is responsible for their doings as well as for those of the operators. Chief operator is about as high as a woman can go in this business."

"The next higher post is manager, which must be filled by a man and one who has taken a practical course in electricity. Occasionally an operator will get a job at a private switchboard, where she proves valuable, she may in time get as much pay as a supervisor or a chief operator."

### More Boys at School.

From the Kansas City Journal. James Hayson, a Burlington boy, who is now teaching school in Miami, on one of the small islands in the Philippine group, is writing of his school as follows: "I have no girls in my school, as the religion of the island requires the girls to stay hidden from the public until their wedding day. In my day school all the boys are Chinese and Koreans, and some of them are very smart. Many of them are very smart, however, and are learning very rapidly."

"My night school is made up of constabulary soldiers entirely, and my work with them is chiefly teaching them to write their names. 'Good day,' said the wise salesman, who had recognized the new variety of automobile grafter.

get 'em in on time. They say all the spring poems sound frost bitten. No wonder, if that's the way they're turned out."

The rumor that a new Japanese garden was to be placed in the Park led the inquirer to the office of Samuel Parsons, the landscape architect. The question asked, Mr. Parsons laughed long and loud.

"I knew it would come," he said, as soon as he could command his voice. "For six years now that proposition has come up, only to be turned down, but just as soon as the first day of spring comes around just as sure 'am I that in some form or other that proposition will appear."

"About half a dozen springs ago a suave, dilly tongued Japanese gentleman tried to obtain a concession for the insertion of a garden into the Park. The garden, besides the regular Japanese trees and shrubs laid out in the Oriental manner, was also to include the right to sell tea, bric-a-brac and other Japanese attractions, and possibly to have a wrestling booth and other shows."

"Nothing of that kind has ever been allowed, and he was promptly refused. He took the denial in the same courteous manner that he had presented it."

"Next year he came again, with a new proposition, which, under various subtle meanings, was the same old story."



THE SPRING POET.

### MRS. PEPPER'S RIVAL IN TAMMANY HALL

#### Does Stenographer Ahearn Get Spook Messages About Mr. Murphy, or Is He Only a Barometer?

Maurice Ahearn, Tammany Hall's official stenographer, is regarded by many of those who visit the Hall frequently, as a sort of human barometer, so far as Charles F. Murphy's movements are concerned.

About 11 o'clock every morning politicians and reporters go to Fourteenth street to see the Tammany leader, who appears at his desk two or three days in a week at this time of the year. Every one of them puts to Mr. Ahearn the question: "Is Mr. Murphy coming to-day?"

His invariable reply is that he has not heard from Mr. Murphy, but that he "feels" that he is coming or not coming. The "feeling" always turns out to be the straightest kind of a tip.

For instance, on Thursday of last week Mr. Ahearn was asked the usual question. He answered:

"I don't know whether Mr. Murphy will be here to-day or not, but the indications are that he will."

"What indications?" asked a district leader.

"Mr. Ahearn seemed to go into a trance for a few moments, and then replied: 'I feel that he is coming.'"

A half hour later Mr. Murphy walked into Tammany Hall, accompanied by his regular bodyguard, Phil Donohue, treasurer of the Tammany Society.

The following day Mr. Ahearn answered the question in this way:

"Mr. Murphy has not sent word, but I don't feel as if he were coming." He did not come.

When Mr. Ahearn began to perform the barometer act the newspaper reporters thought he was guessing, and took no chances on his "feeling." Now they telephone to him regularly every morning at 11 o'clock, and accept as conclusive his "feeling" about Mr. Murphy's movements.

Some persons have asserted that Mr. Ahearn has inside information on which he bases his predictions. Thomas F. Smith, Mr. Murphy's secretary, says that this is not true.

"Ahearn is a real barometer, or medium,

will be made to a park board, and some time it will succeed; I feel it.

"New York," continued Mr. Parsons, "is the most generous city in the world in regard to its parks; a million and a half dollars annually is not too large a figure to name in order to express what is spent on their maintenance alone. The French nation, I should say, do not spend as much in Paris nor the English in London, but they seem to get more for the money expended."

"Some one has wisely called the parks

to be for a long time I hope. I think the people would not stand for it. The menagerie is an institution, and while The Bronx would undoubtedly afford more room, on the other hand, even with the increased facilities for travel, it would be difficult for the animal lovers from all over greater New York to reach them as easily as they do at present."

At the menagerie one of the keepers, sitting on a rail, was found polishing the end of a long, beautifully marked pheasant's feather.

"It's the time of year," he said, "that all the birds shed their feathers, and the milliners come up here and buy the eagle's, plumage and the cockatoo and parrot feathers for a small sum, say, 25 cents apiece, dye them and sell them for \$2 each."

Teachers Are Wanted in the Philippines

The Philippine Teacher, which has just been established in Manila, tells about the openings to be found in the Philippines by American teachers. Under the American Bureau of Education in the Philippines there are thirty-five school divisions, with 364,000 pupils, 334,000 of whom are in the primary courses, 12,000 in the intermediate and high school departments, and 16,000 in the 330 night schools for the instruction of adults in Manila and the largest provincial towns.

Steps have been taken to train Filipino young men and women as teachers, to carry on the work. There are now 3,700 of these, who are known as municipal teachers and are paid from funds in the municipalities in which they are employed, and 294 in the Insular list, who are appointed and paid by the bureau.

The Americans are employed as superintendents, rather than teachers of single classes or schools. There are 863 of them, drawing salaries that range from \$600 to \$2,000, the average being \$1,200.

Over these teachers are the division superintendents, whose salaries run from \$1,000 to \$3,000. In four cases these superintendents are the Governors of their provinces. The superintendents of the Philippine Normal School, the Philippine School of Arts and Trades and the Philippine Nautical School rank as division superintendents.

Promotion is easy and rapid, because many of the teachers go to the Philippines for a few years only, not as a life settlement, and vacancies are of frequent occurrence. Appointments are made by the general superintendent, subject to the approval of the Secretary of Public Instruction, and the merit of the teachers is tested by competitive examinations. There are more than 200 positions with salaries above \$1,200.

The work of instruction is, of course, rather elementary, and is of the most practical nature, being designed especially to train the Filipino youth in agricultural science and industrial arts. The study of the English language is first, then follow arithmetic, geography, the civil government of the islands, tools work for the boys and housekeeping for the girls, commerce and agriculture, arts and trades.

The life of American teachers in the Philippines is thus described in the statement of organization and aims published by the Bureau of Education:

"The teacher usually lives alone in a town separated by some miles from other communities, and very frequently he is the only American resident in a large area. He must consult tactfully and helpfully with the municipal President and Council, represent the school needs of the locality to this body and obtain their cooperation and financial support. His relationship with the people of the town must be kind, helpful and above reproach."

"A great part of the time of the supervising teacher is spent in school visitation, traveling some times on foot or by horse and vehicle, and sometimes by harness or canoe. As a part of their duty these teachers have to acquaint themselves thoroughly with the geography of their districts. They must know every hamlet and road, and must thoroughly understand the social composition of the community where they are working."

"This is work which can obviously only be done by a man. For this reason the great majority of the teaching force are men. In many cases, however, a man and wife are assigned together to a town, the man carrying on the work of supervision and the woman the instruction of the advanced classes in the central municipal school."

### REFRESHMENTS IN THE PARK—THEN AND NOW.

many reminiscences, thinks highly of them.

There are thirty-seven ewes and fifty young lambs this spring. Conway says it was the hardest winter he ever knew, and he was glad when the ground was warm enough to take the sheep and their

### Rooms for Bachelors, but Not Comfort

In spite of the general demand for modern apartments, especially for the convenience of the bachelor, the old fashioned lodging house in an ordinary city residence is not yet a thing of the past. There are more bachelor houses with electric light and porcelain bathtubs than ever, and men are more capricious; but, in spite of this change, houses run on the same old plan still seem to make money.

The plan of these houses is to save money on whatever will contribute to comfort. The woman who rents the house may be a dressmaker who wants to live in a smart neighborhood and expects the lodgers to pay her rent and incidentally to contribute to her profits.

For such a house every room above the ground floor will be let if the landlady is fortunate enough to get lodgers who will sacrifice everything for the advantage of a good location. Most of the establishments of this kind are to be found in the Thirties and Forties between Fifth and Sixth avenues.

Here are received only bachelors. The kind wanted are those that go out early in the morning for breakfast and do not come in until they are ready to go to bed.

Those who stay in their rooms during any part of the day are accounted a nuisance which interferes with the landlady's inalienable right to make as much out of the house as possible while providing as little comfort for her guests. Few if any of them are allowed to stay in the house even for coffee, as that is a trouble the household cannot undertake.

For a house of this kind sheltering twenty men, two women are expected to do all the work. They are usually of the "slavery" type.

The rents are just as high as for those in the modern apartment hotels. The rooms have, and the single beds are of being in very good neighborhoods. Men will pay for a front room as much as \$15 a week; for hall rooms the rents are from \$5 to \$8. The lodger will not get any more comfort than he is willing to struggle for, for water will be grudgingly given to him when it cannot be avoided and steam heat is never sufficient to keep him comfortable in the rigors of winter.

One of the favorite tricks of the landlady of this type is to offer a gas stove when the lodger complains that the gas is too low. A charge of \$1 a week for its use is added to the bill. Hot water is just as scarce and there are probably plugs on the gas to see that too much is not used.

Such lodging houses survive partly through the indifference of men to comfort in comparison with the opportunity to live in an accessible and smart neighborhood. The regular lodging house keepers who used to make their lodgers comfortable, and looked to greater profit by keeping them a long time, have been superseded in the business by the woman who rents a house to be used for other purposes of her own and then takes in lodgers to pay the rent and increase profits. These women survive in spite of the increase of electricity and hot water and the comparatively general supply of steam heat.

Great Crowd to See First Shad.

From the Philadelphia Telegraph. The first shad of the season was caught yesterday in the Delaware River, near Big Timber Creek. A great crowd witnessed the landing of the fish, which was of a generous size, and its silver scales sparkled in the sunlight. The first fish is never sold, there is a legend as old as Gloucester that the shad would bring a flood of bad luck to the fishermen. So fish No. 1 is always cooked and eaten by the men who are to manipulate the great seine net.

Everything is being got ready for the casting of the shad net, and the crowds are on hand watching the preparations of the shadmen and listening to the predictions indulged in.

There are doubting ones, of course, but there are those who do not hesitate to say that the season will be a good one. Meanwhile, in and around Gloucester there is the usual excitement and bustle in view of the opening of the shad season.

### grays to emerald.

The benches are filled with representatives of that special class of whom foreign



THE CUP OF HAPPINESS FILLED FOR 10 CENTS.

### The Cow, the Cop and the Traffic Rules

"I wonder what happens in London when a man undertakes to lead a cow across Piccadilly," said a man who had just read the article in THE SUN of March 26, under the heading, "What Happens in London and in New York When a Horse Falls."

"I know what happened to-day in New York when a farmer leading a cow undertook to cross Fifth avenue where Fifty-seventh street intersects."

"The effort occurred during the afternoon hour when every sort of pleasure vehicle was out and when the sidewalks were crowded with pedestrians. The farmer and his cow were headed east."

"The mounted cop sat his horse in the centre of the street. Anon he looked at the farmer and his passive charge. I think that the cop was less concerned about the equipages which passed him coming and going, than about the farmer who was waiting patiently for the cop to give him the signal to cross over."

"The pedestrians on the west corners of the avenue accumulated. They actually seemed afraid of the cow. I think some of them had never seen a cow before. Certain it is that a cow in that part of Fifth avenue is not a common sight."

"Finally the cop blew his whistle. Jehu reined up their horses, chauffeurs applied their brakes. That rare sight in the crowded street in these days, the bicycle rider, checked up."

"The cop called out to the farmer, 'Hurry across with that cow.' The farmer whacked the dumb beast to give her a start and drove rather than led the animal through the opening."

"No farmer ever had a more glittering audience. It was fashion's promenade on the great concourse of the biggest city on the continent. Women peered out from conveyances at the rural show. An equestrian hailed the cowman with 'Bully for you!' A bunch of young men on one corner clapped their hands. The cop turned in his saddle and looked at them. He looked as if he thought the bunch was giving an encore and as if they were apprehensive that the farmer might so construe the demonstration and repeat the stunt."

"It was all over in two minutes. The cop blew his whistle. The parade got in motion. At that moment the chiming of St. Thomas's and St. Patrick's commingled for the afternoon Lenten services. 'An Englishman said to his New York friend as they hurried across: 'Fine! London couldn't beat it, old man.'"

### Newest Grafter Wants Free Auto Rides

The pompous personage with the predominant jaw stepped into the automobile agency with the assurance born of an unlimited bank account.

"Ah," he murmured, "just what I have been seeking—an American built machine of power and stability."

"Yes, sir," said the eager salesman, "our motor car is daily winning new laurels."

"So I understand. And only \$3,553, with a guarantee, eh? Well, I am the sort of a man who makes up his mind quickly and acts on it. Certainly the machine is cheap at the price, if it lives up to what is claimed for it. But that's the question, sir, that's the question."

"We are always glad to prove the splendid qualities of the machine," put in the polite salesman.

"Good. Now, before I close a deal with you, I would like to take a test trip to bring out these qualities."

"Certainly, sir; certainly."

"Now, I must take my wife along to prove to her the safety of the auto. Fortunately, she is outside talking with a party of friends who are just about to attend a reception in the suburbs. Of course, you have no objection to the party being my guests on the trip out there?"

"Not at all, sir, providing you deposit twenty-five dollars for the expenses of the chauffeur, wear and tear on the machine, and so on. Of course, it's a mere formality. The money will be refunded to you after the sale."

"The pompous personage grew very red in the face.